

DIE LEERE MITTE

Random Access Journal

B E R L I N

.....
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.....

```
#include <stdio.h>
int main()
{
    printf("Hello, Berlin!");
    return 0;
}
```



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Guidelines

Broadly accepted: Experimental and conceptual writing, theoretical papers, asemic and concrete texts, vispo, theorems, axiom collection, quantum weirdness, reviews of books addressing these topics and the like.

Texts: poetry (60 lines max. overall); prose (500-600 words max. overall). *Format:* Times New Roman 12; single line spacing; all in one .doc or .odt file. *Languages:* Catalan, Croatian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish.

Visual: 1-3 B&W images. *Format:* jpg, tiff, png, 72-300 DPI.

Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that the piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited. Each issue will be free to download (.pdf). A printed version will be made available through KDP/lulu for collectors. No reading fee; no payment or copies to contributors at present. Authors assume responsibility for the originality, intellectual property rights and ethical implications of submitted works.

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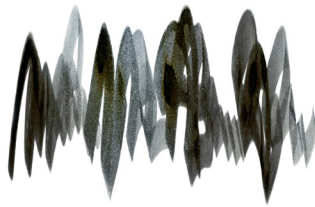
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Marjan Zahed-Kindersley · *untitled*



Mark Young · *A truncated poem prompted by, & ending with, a line of spam*

Can you stand on one foot
& sing *La Marseillaise*?

Can you sense the universe
around you, or are you trapped
in one small breathing space?

Can you see as far as she can see &
see what she can see beyond that?

Can you recite the entire list
of threatened species using
only the fingers of one hand?

Can you still transmit Covid-19
after vaccination? Can you not
bring yourself to wear a mask?

Can you be trusted to put the dog out?

Can you hear the Big Bang & identify
the rhythm section in behind it?

Can you tell what key they're in?

Can you remember where
to put the apostrophe?

Can you recall the days of yore?

Can you count past thirty-three?

Can you be able to handle over
invoiced multi Million dollars
transaction?

First words, Part II

night read chin think	morning queering greasy
Saturday evil don't call	removed took finally normally
know thought theologians	toward pardon that evening tell
began supported reality going	bedroom due oxygen think asked
know give home back door	because talk don't took just did
rain guess attempt department	two days unloading stroked gave
excuse slob went evening	meeting problems sit hands
what's person both ignored	army opinion person balls didn't
when ejected lawyer dead	wrong skin said attitude the
man couldn't streaking	got up crossed like chicken
turn fan halved said shit	storm family were at one time
did not got out black don't unlikely	tied people replied bartender
opinion looked was over face went	everything mean alive row men
kids breath children truck sunrise	back doors commits went out left
what good the gave believe	really don't sunset hand could
take didn't how squeezed	listens watermelon sun shaken

A line from Igor Stravinsky

Now that a book of Italian baby
boy names is available, a dysto-
pian Netflix special using mater-
ial left over from earlier works is

refreshing our attitude to sculpture.
The use of frogs & goldfish, consider-
ed to be the least sentient of species,
capture it as a moment in time that

experientially includes the viewer.
Plus, digital collections are giving new
life to an art form that, ever since
Perseus had to keep the decapitated

head of Medusa in a special sack to pre-
vent instant sculptures from flooding
the market, was once said to be best
understood by children & animals.

vollmond

eine windlose
nacht hing über den

hügel die kugel
eis am gestänge

der kräne leckte
die windlose nacht.

cerealie

sie nahm mich zum früh-
stück für stück als *flake*

goß milch über den
rest der ewigkeit

verbrachten wir weich
und warm mund an mund.

triage

als hochrisiko-
patienten durchaus

entbehrlich sollten
wir nicht erst in bauch-

lage erkennen:
sozialverträglich

früh ableben war
nie ganz vermeid- doch

immer schon planbar.

maria magdalena

die welt im masken-
wahn sinn voll oder

nicht zur corona-
zeit trägt maria

magdalena selbst
mundschutz beim blasen.

der apparat

reproduziert sich
selbst, ein system der

buckelnden kriecher
fördert die kriecher,

ein schleimer schleimt bei
anderen schleimern,

auf dauer entsteht
so der gekrümmte

gang, ein viskoses
krankes konstrukt, von

innen verfault, der
ganze apparat.

absolution

tief ins land treiben
schatten, sieben die

zirren licht aus dem
mittag flüchtet staub

über den hügel
winkt eine rade,

der spelzen knistern
mischt sich am kies in

der gärten stille
absolution.

fake

auf die hand log die
listige elster

zerlassenes licht
an ihrem schnabel

den einbrechenden
abend aus butter.

(II) *Pentasyllabae* - Eine poetologische Notiz

Fünffüßige Verse sind in der Dichtung weit verbreitet. Man findet sie z. B. als Jamben in Form des Endecasillabo, Vers commun oder Blankvers. W. Shakespeare macht Ende des 16. Jh.s in den Sonetten Gebrauch von ihnen, C. Lehnert fünf Zentennien später noch in seinen Oktaven. Seit M. Opitz basiert die Metrik im deutschen Sprachraum dabei auf dem *akzentuierenden* Versprinzip.

Pentasyllabae folgen mit festgelegten *fünf Silben pro Zeile* dagegen *romanischer* Verstradition. Eine Trennung von Wörtern über Zeilen hinweg wäre aber trivial und ist daher zu vermeiden. Sie ist jedoch dann statthaft, wenn (ausschließlich) semantisch *eigenständige* Begriffe resultieren, also bei Komposita (*früh - stück; bauch - lage*), oder (ausnahmsweise) eine neue syntaktische Funktion Verwendung findet (etwa: *bau - er*; als Imperativ und Personalpronomen).

Der durch Trennung facettierte Ursprungsbegriff erweitert dann den Spielraum der Interpretation. Im Verein mit Stilmitteln wie dem Enjambement oder dem Apokoinou dient die Mehrdeutigkeit der Verdichtung, der Verfremdung oder dem Ausdruck von Lakonie. Fehlt (in ganz seltenen Fällen) eine Silbe im Vers, so hat dies *stets* Signalwirkung (*absolution*; als der *letzten* Zeile *loses Ende*).

Jim Meirose · *This is only a test (172 words)*

...gong gong gong gong gong gong gong—

Stop!

What?

(the following is as mandated way back by Back City upperstaff)

This is a test of the Randolph P. Groan hardstoppering system:

/‘idwifer’ off’n MacDadd’/

/Midwiferi’ ooff’n MacDaddy/

/Midwiferin’ ooff’nn MMacDaddy/

This is only a test.

/Midwifering ooff’nnn MMacDaddyddy/

/MMidwiferingg ooooff’nnnn MMMMacDaddydy/

/MMidw’feringg ooo’ff’nnnn MMMMa’Daddydy/

/MMid’’feringg ooo’f’nnnn MMMMa’’addydy/

/MMid’’’eringg ooo’’’nnnn MMMM’’’addydy/

This is only a test.

/MMid’’’’ringg ooo’’’’nnn MMM’’’’addydy/

/MMid’’’’’ingg oo’’’’’nnn MMM’’’’’ddydy/

/MMi’’’’’’’ingg oo’’’’’’’nn MMM’’’’’’’ddydy/

/MMi’’’’’’’’’ngg oo’’’’’’’’’n MM’’’’’’’’’ddydy/

/MM’’’’’’’’’ngg o’’’’’’’’’n MM’’’’’’’’’yyy/

/MM’’’’’’’’’’’gg ‘’’’’’’’’’n MM’’’’’’’’’’’yyy/

This is only a test.

/M’’’’’’’’’’’gg ‘’’’’’’’’’ M’’’’’’’’’’’yyy/

/M''''''''g '''''' M''''''''yy/

/M''''''''g '''''' M''''''''y/

/M'''''''' ''''''''''''''''y/

/'''''''' '''''''''''''''' /

This is only a test.

/'''''''''''''''''''' /

/'''''''''''''''''''' /

/'''''''''''''''' /

/'''''''''' /

End here's a tension.

End here's a bom.

This ends the test of the Randolph P. Groan hardstoppering system: Regurgularly skedullard'ding common sexplainery may begin. (the preceding was as mandated way back by Back City upperstaff).

10-Q

End of test.

You're welcome.

You're welcome.

You're welcome.

You may now return to your regularly scheduled regongerly.

<0>

Gong gong gong gong gong...

Joshua Martin · *pRiOr revisits subtle SuPpLY*

)))) MOUNT direct expense
)))) > > > dollop sand
| bLOb of sOFt fOOD chewed |] return provisional
 cream [„ envy „
 re=cycled hide or HARE (?;);;;;
rEAcH reach imprison commodified supplies
)))) STOCK „, then imPLODe.

Newer noon ;; the Fabric breaching Elongated causes

^tick^tock^ iNbox = = = = = = =

senior sTruCTUres

p l a c e d

be

, fore canons ;;;; garbs

;;;; black HeArTeD

chamber

:: 'keep chest pointed precise guidelines' ::

wider

CONtext [@ @ @ @ @] ,,, access
influence

emblem > > > exemplified

> > > crusted

> > > quote an approbation.

0% 0% 0% 0% 0%

equipment INVESTED adornments

.....
))))))

a>>>>>>>>>typical

, articulated ,, medieval,,, abbatial

PROVISIONS

][][][][][][][][][][][][][]

b,u,r,i,e,d WALL tOmB

;;; therein

, attending lavish burdens ,

.....
 ,,,,,

suitable appearances

>>>>> established pronounced footNOTES

'b/t twenty-six heads

& linguistic corrosion' - - - r

O

p

e

ladder to the debt

!; unburdened !;

¿? neophyte visitation cowboys on trampoline ¿?

‘deprived , competent , widely

suggestive of dysfunction'.

Worldwide

Agreed a quilted tree
synthesizer train whistle:

hammer

/ fin

/ twin BeD

promissory clarification SqUaD.

Judy Garland subtle punching

barefoot PaLm UP (circle circle)

(DOT / DOT), now

let them all be sprained.

Dylan McNulty-Holmes · *conversations imagined, felt and overheard in the
mirdidingkingathi juwarnda sally gabori show at fondation cartier*

Ninjilki, 2008

This is a man. He is a cosmos and an oil slick. He moves fast, is deliberate in his work; his path forward is smooth and obvious, at least from the outside. He will be sorely missed.

We are pulled to our place. We need to remember that everything falls from the sky. Where we land is where the colour changes.

I am mourning something I wanted to lose.

Dibirdibi Country, 2010

Is upside down, in either the gallery or in the brochure.

Dibirdibi Country, 2008

Lines are fish traps.

Pink is soil.

Violet is salt marsh.

White is sand.

Paintings are grief paintings.

Nyinyilki, 2010

To see sand as a thing of lines;

To obsessively investigate the point where the beach begins, and ends;

To understand, the overcast, arctic chill of one particular corner of a tropical island;

To experience horripilation, just from paint;

To see this space as a threshold, an overwhelming and perhaps painful return.

Thundi, 2008

glowworm	tapeworm	phallus	begonia	petunia	
tuber	tube	thimble	thumb	clasp	enclose
	suction	periwinkle	thistle	bluebell	petal
coral		enfold			
overlap	thumbprint	macaron	shaft	shard	sharp
	harp	thistle	tulip	splash	faucet
	clash	blood	mingle	zig zag	bend
	misdirect				

(amateur drawings of hands)

(moonlight, apparently)

(she stopped painting alla prima because she was old, and got tired)

Thundi, 2010

To take something back;

To survive insurmountable loss;

To feel, in the bay, an emotion smaller than you anticipated, but bigger than any single word can be a vessel for;

Thundi, 2010

In The Candyfloss Room, I see pink dolphins and think about atlases of dreams before noticing all of the teenage boys are taller than me, and smell worse. Two of them have snuck off, one dragging the other, not quite holding hands; play-fighting, bothering each other, always touching. One is now texting and the other is lost, bereft, and now looking at me, looking at them;

more pink dolphins;

phone-boy has braces and smiles.

Gift Shop

Mirdidingkingathi Juwarnda Sally Gabori and the other 62 surviving Kaiadilt residents were housed in camps along the beach. Children were separated from their parents, and installed in dormitories within the mission. They were forbidden from speaking in their mother tongue, resulting in a fracture from their culture and traditions.

“Aaw, look at how she holds her paintbrush! How sweet.”

Patrick Sweeney · *short forms*

leaves down I walked straight into the blue sky

longing to go firefly hunting in the grotto of Massabielle

heaven bursting with alcoholic hospital Santas

enough Nietzsche to make the Blessed Mother cry

the nuclear force posture of her muscular thighs

I i (.) ()) (

the winter of the dirty old man

Instinctively I knew
there would never be an n-body problem
with Claudia Cardinale

passing through termination shock
the butterflies
are dreamless

end of the Anthropocene
no time for the glue to set
on Campbell's Soup

going door to door with a comb-over for Jesus

an apostolic man doing the torn newspaper trick

the suspicious behavior of the lantern-lit syringa

most, but not all, of the things I was afraid would happen

the bitter taste of almond on Turing's tongue

impossible to note all the anomalies in an ordinary day

Stop the tape
it aint Peggy Sue

— cool at the loo
(ah hey, fountains R us)

Every day it's a gettin' vaster
'til some mutt says go ahead 'n ask her

A hey, a hey hey
that infrathin delay

Blast of gun shot,
bullet hole in target

Gorgeous cover, & ah'm stumped

PS: Love like this will suRly come their way

(a hey, the hay hay)¹

1 Marjorie Perloff's new book on micropoetics, *Infrathin*, gets after Duchamp's notion of "infrathin": there is a difference, however miniscule, between two seemingly identical things—eg, looking at an object (hearing a sound, etc.) now, and then one second later; or Duchamp himself noting, the "infrathin separation between the *detonation* noise of a gun (very close) and the *apparition* of the bullet hole in the target."

I couldn't remember which Buddy Holly song kept the "hey hey" brain-worm in my head; thanks to Carol Reid for remembering, and thus releasing me.

Then there's Duchamp's urinal, titled *Fountain* & signed R. MUTT

And Patrick Stump (originally Stumph—rimes with Donald Drumpf, hey?) did a truly gorgeous cover of this Buddy Holly song, "Every Day."

That Magic Sailor

I sailed an ocean, unsettled ocean

Magic, magic, magic, magic

Oracle — more nautical
than prodigal
Polis has eyes on the field

“We are a coast people ... no
thing but ocean out beyond us”
Edge of dumb-struck space

Sail on, sail on sailor
Sunshine kick back day

This magic mo-ment ...
so different & so new
(nuttin’ you could say or do)

... Brought to us by our
favorite (third rail) *multi*

*model relational database
management system*
(oh please ... please me)

Support your local Global
Oracle Cloud Infrastructure
(*New Regions coming soon!*)

Sail on oh magiK Oracle ...
Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh²

² The Beach Boys, “Sail On Sailor”; The Drifters, “This Magic Moment”; Jack Spicer’s “coast people” quote, redux (again); Oracle Corp, Silicon Valley: yet another term & concept ripped out of Western Civ.

Sheltering

QAnon finally (finely)
getting ready to die?

*Takes a lot to laugh,
takes a train to cry*

Trailer park bride stripped bare
on a vigilante darknet dare

Same diff
Sh-boom, sh-boom
like, literally

Rape, murder (woo)
It's just a shot away
(just one plot away)

Detonation, bullet hole (& apparition)
Conspirators disrupt delay

Get it (third rail) straight:
weaponize, *then* monetize

It's just a kiss away,
Kiss away, kiss away

KKK, take-out-trash insurrection day
Triple in-fra-thin, viz.
F-F-Fade away

If I don't get some shelter
Ooh, yeah, I'm gonna fade away³

3 Dylan & Stones; & don't forget The Crew Cuts, The Who, & Duchamp's
Large Glass

LeftOvers

First they *go* ... Sugar (oh honey honey
& candy man fed us bubbles
popped up in our heads

Honey honey, yeah we
heard it through the grapevine
(lotsa soul-gasp infra there)

Then they *went* ... Uno dos, one-to-quatro
barked it out 'til Matty told Hatty
... Ho, you're CANcelled!

Tracers on the tracks them years
yelpin' Oper-A-tor, Oper-A-tor
... they'm feels V-I-O-Lated!
Drools / Fuels / Abuse

Sho'nuff the Left ate itself (again)
deviation crime, purity taster time
(wooly bully-eyed rime ...

... & we din't had time to say
Stop in the Name of Love
when SNL became a "thing"

Triple 'thin running dog lackeys
ever'where — alt-right to halt
fright to cult nite lite
up (& down) the rabid's
back hole⁴

4 The Archies (cartoon bubble-gum pop), "Sugar Sugar"; Marvin Gaye, "I Heard it Through the Grapevine"; Sam the Sham, "Wooly Bully"; Smokey Robinson, "The Tracks of My Tears"; Mary Wells, "Operator, Operator"; The Supremes, "Stop in the Name of Love"

The Creeley / Spicer Outtakes

Instant Karma's gonna get you
Gonna look you right in the face
nuttin' you can do or say 'bout that one, ace

Well we all shine on
Like the moon and the stars and the sun
Give it up for sailor grrl, happiness sho's a warm gun
— kickin' ass on a sunshine day, sport! aint we got fun

* * *

He come groovin' up slowly, he got walrus gumboot
he say *will* dance, chow down, yo, dis' lumpen brute

He roller-coaster, he got early warnin'
nothing's out beyond us, it jes' riding the swells
an empty creel, taint no spice wuz forewarning

He say, "one and one and one is three"
Got to be so jacked when you're one-eye at sea
(*one to one to one they's too UNfollowed*)

*

*

*

Come together

Right now

Over me

Lordy, lordy ... Q 'n boogaloo
rearin' up down south
we aint never gon' free⁵

⁵ John Lennon, "Instant Karma" & "Come Together" (& "Happiness..."); Creeley's "One thing done": "let / me sing, *one* to / *one* to *one*, and let / me follow" — such loveliness no longer seems possible, given the grotesque rise of white nationalism presently around us

SLEEP BLIND FLOOR BOX

enbed collapsant seal the negck
offa jo ferrous mouth! jo pen
leaks! foreget soapy ladder slides
off roof air & trees endless lid &
lidless eye gaze la psent liquid O
STOP SNORT SHINE CREEP

A T

same time's
always SMTWThFS
what's me's?speeds
thru it's it mo
ves s I o w 's stopt
before uh mirror sot cloud gur
ged regurged deregurged indere
gurged exinderegurged's *spiiiiiiiiiiii*
ming sun's a dot ●

güevo

W

hen

negck

dries thin

's kklackkle

swells swerves

torn tubes flabping

feet flop in lettristic circ

ularity written nothing one

no thing spheri costiv thing gag

ged but

sput

ters

ou

T

cloud shadow

weltered shadow "luck"
breaks tongue turn
water cheat back
nostril ham wind
cloth scrawl scatter
seat ants gravel
glints named "thin"
pool "road" plop
noose inch leaks
double cloud smile

TOOL
SLUG
FOGS
MIND

~N~

saltless seethes my ash
condensation condensate
of empty sweat seeps thru
thought to emulate
a barking frame a rotted
tooth sunk in burning stone

~O~

TIME
DOGS
PLUG
FOOL

comefocos

me
moriré
en el aire
condensante
de la tarde gris
entre mi basura libresca

I
will die
myself in
the half air
of my mildewed
hat turning in dust ,
dust and mayonnaise

me
teñiré
en el aire
de la noche
invisible , tinta
que corre oscura

que come la luz

pollos

clucking
calaverita
no tuve huevos
mas huevón eras
y fin
fingered loot
enterd snore room
embolistique
engagé mais
endormido
sweaty sausage
plate broke
saw shoulder leak
saw laundry fire
was a tonguegate was
leaking in the cream
foot test rabbits
touchd my shiny fork

nor clue whistld
nor magazine
coff blotter
where my lotto shape
where my corn slurry
rotting chickens
the ditch regurged
no wind but wind

sudor y soap yr pockets

Réka Nyitrai · *Artwork Index of the Lost Paintings of René Crevel*
after Paul Violi

Cat. no. P 244

The ossification of rain

Cat. no. P 243

Retained by swans: the history of painting on water

Cat. no. P 254

The charms of a considered reply to broken doors

Cat. no. P 248

The perpetual lamp

Cat. no. P 1036

Sapphic stanzas of desire

Cat. no. P 267

Carving the snow

Cat. no. P 247

Sleeping ice: our mother's nipple

Cat. no. P 245

Sleeping ice: no dolls

Cat. no. P 251

A long veil of silence :: sparrow, widowed by a tree

Cat. no. P 252

In a dark room like water through a sieve

Cat. no. P 250

The average rose

Cat. no. P 383

You and the octopus are my sons

Three short poems

History

what the angel wrote following the dictation
of crows

Leakage

Will the skylark's ocean retreat
or the sharks build a cathedral in their beautiful
umbilicus?

Prayer

A cathedral inside a skylark's beak.
A violin between its neck and breast.
Angels' blood ringing in a peal of bells.

